

# Good Morning

165

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## SEVERAL HUNDRED CLIPS AND TWO WALLOPS



## Tell your Sweetheart about her engagement ring

WHEN you're both looking at that diamond ring, just say casually, "Fifty-eight facets in a full cut diamond, you know." It creates quite an impression—even on a professional jeweller.

And, if you want to heighten that impression, go on and give the names of the facets. The flat top is called the "table"; around it are eight "star" facets, four "bezels," four "lozenges," eight "cross," and eight "skill."

The under-side of the diamond is cut into 25 facets, but if you've named the top-side 33, that's plenty enough usually.

There are other styles of cutting, of course, but the one you've just named brings up the best in any stone—gives it that flash and electric-blue sparkle that wins every woman's heart.

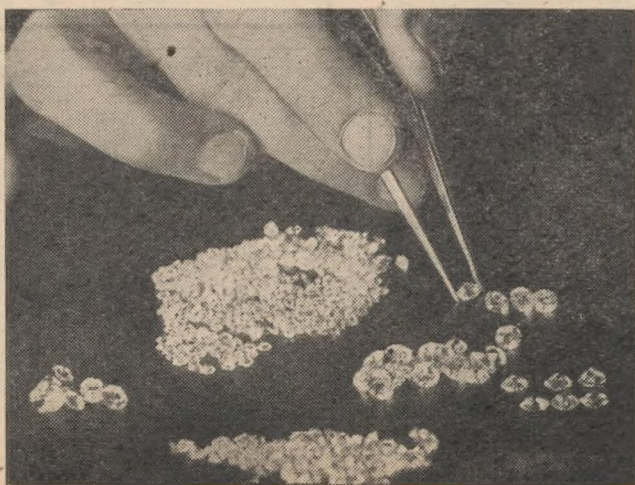
£300,000,000 DIAMOND.

Then add, calmly, "I'd like to give you the Braganza, of course, my dear, but that's

valued at £300,000,000, so we'll skip it for the minute."

Here's the Braganza's history:—

Towards the middle of the eighteenth century, three criminals were banished into the interior of Brazil and forbidden to approach the principal towns on pain of perpetual imprisonment. So for six years the exiled criminals wandered in the wilderness, panning out gold in dried-up river beds.



Thousands of pounds a square inch, here.

## I get around

I WAS somewhat surprised when, on entering the Cardleigh Arms, Camberwell, the landlord asked: "Haircut, sir?"

I looked at him and thought maybe he was suggesting a new Yank drink, but no, he meant haircut.

"Go on, have a go," I was prompted by a local, "the Mayor's just 'ad 'is done."

Well, I haven't much hair to lose, I thought, so here goes.

As the words passed my lips I was changing my mind, and my consent was followed by a withdrawal. By that time, though, I was in the chair and a towel was round my neck.

Harry Townly was the barber; he is the landlord, too.

When I asked him how much, he said, "That's up to you. This is in aid of the Navy Comforts Fund. Here's the box." Later, he told me that before the war he had been a hairdresser.

What a vocabulary he must have—a barman-barber!

\*\*\*

BETTY GRABLE, I

am told, is number one pin-up girl in all branches of the U.S. Forces.

That her studio is aware of this fact has become obvious, since in her latest film she plays the part of Betty Grable, number one pin-up girl.

Her most popular photograph is a back view taken in a bathing suit, with her blonde hair swept up into a mass of curls on top of her head, and the famous Grable smile being tossed over a provocative shoulder.

\*\*\*

ONE of several lesser-known branches of E.N.S.A. is the Overseas Recorded Broadcasting Service.

Some submarines, I believe, are taking advantage of the scheme, others would be well advised to enquire from the E.N.S.A. liaison officer at the Admiralty—that is, if you have a gramophone.

Starting in a very modest way, the scheme has, snowball-like, grown into a vast and much-appreciated plan.

The idea is that the Forces' favourite programmes (Itma, Arthur Askey and "Stinker" have proved most popular to date) are recorded on discs at Drury Lane and shipped to far-flung radio stations, and broadcast regularly.

The discs are made of a resin composition and are almost indestructible. To date, thousands have been circulated.

From Middle East bases hundreds of discs have been collected by visiting fleets. They are relayed throughout the larger ships and played by the solitary gramophone on smaller

vessels. Eventually the records are exchanged for later ones.

The production is planned, the performers (who give their services free) are engaged, and the recordings are made and labelled for dispatch at the London H.Q. From Malta comes the greatest demand; up to thirty-five hours a week are utilised on the local radio services. When the discs have been used they are sent out to camps and fleets.

Gold Coast outposts broadcast two half-hourly programmes a week.

The programmes are varied, and include "Merrie England," a radio adaptation of Sir Edward German's famous operetta, with Gwen Cartley and Nancy Evans; "March of the Movies," a motion picture parade, featuring Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, Charles Laughton, Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy, and R.A.F. concert orchestra; Royal Naval School of Music, in which the dance band and symphony orchestra share a half-hour of popular music; and "Girls They Left Behind," Sidney Torch and Sam Costa in a programme of reminiscent dance tunes.

Apart from obvious appreciation by Forces in remote parts, this imaginative use of radio may have far-reaching effects if from its infancy it is carefully nursed and commercialised post-war.

\*\*\*

WHEN a British tender put into Key West, Florida, recently, for repairs, the American ratings were somewhat staggered to learn that the skipper was Admiral Sir Herbert Meade-Featherstonhaugh.

To add to their surprise, the Admiral introduced his crew, which included a retired colonel, a retired captain of artillery, and a score of retired business men, all of whom served in the Allied Forces twenty-five years ago.

\*\*\*

AT St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, I am told, belladonna has at last been grown with some degree of success.

Belladonna, a drug, is used mainly for the alleviation of pain, and cultivation of it in this country has previously been marked with almost complete failure.

The hospital will now, it is hoped, grow sufficient plants for its own and other London hospitals' requirements.

\*\*\*

IT is clear, obviously, that some guy has been talking.

A gathering of H.M.S. "Tally Ho!" inmates (I have only ever personally met one of the crew) were discussing soft jobs. The discussion closed with a vote

## Here's World's Pin-Up Favourite No. 1 Betty Grable Does Some Looking Around



on whose job they would most work, has over a hundred regular visitors.

Unanimous, I hear, was the vote for my job.

As I was saying, someone must have mentioned that I held the lights for the nude picture of Peggy from the Windmill Theatre that appeared in number seventy-four.

\*\*\*

AN advertisement in the "Kansas City Star": "Farmhand, no work to do. Must be able to sit in rocking-chair on cool, south porch and come to meals unassisted. Apply in person after 3 p.m. at 1617 Professional building."

It was a real job—watching a gate to see that it was kept closed.

\*\*\*

LONDON'S largest War Nursery, for the children of mother's on war

About the famous "Hope Diamond," you already know; but don't talk to her about that much—for it is said to be the unluckiest precious stone in the world. Certainly ill-fate seems to have dogged its various owners, though there's generally some quite good ordinary explanation for their misfortunes.

### WAR-WINNING SPARKLERS.

Because diamonds can cut anything, there are thousands of war-winning sparklers on the job to-day.

Every tool cutting to within fine limits has a diamond in it somewhere—but it's bound to be an "industrial" diamond, which may range in colour from deep red to jet black.

These "industrials" are used in great saws to cut up granite blocks; they help to bore ten thousand feet into the earth, in mining, and in artesian well-shaft sinking. But—did you know that the diamond cuts the fine filaments of your electric light bulbs?

Yes, there is plenty to talk about in an engagement ring!



The "Cullinan"—one of the biggest.

But history frustrated the Shahs' hopes of immortality, for, fifty years later, the stone was re-cut and part of it sold for £35,000.

One day, one of them kicked a stone, and out rolled the Braganza—the size of a goose's egg, and weighing 1,680 carats in the rough.

Those criminals knew their diamonds, so they hot-footed it back to the nearest town and demanded their pardon. They got it, plus a small pension apiece, and the stone was sent to the Portuguese Royal Family—the Braganzas. John VI of Portugal had a hole drilled through it and wore the diamond suspended round his neck.

"SHAH OF THE WORLD."

Another of the greatest diamonds of the world is the Akbar Shah. It was noteworthy for bearing an inscription by which two of the Indian Mogul Emperors hoped to have their names commemorated for ever.

The method by which these names were written on the stone was not true engraving, but done—so it was said—by the juice of a certain species of worm which has a unique action on the otherwise incorruptible diamond. On the stone was written "Shah Akbar and Shah Jehan, Shahs and Lords of the World."



# "What in the hell did he do?"

WHEN Father Brown and the lawyer Granby penetrated into the castle, they were received courteously enough by an old servant, the only one in sight, and after indicating their business, were shown into a long, oak-panelled room with latticed windows of antiquated pattern.

Weapons of many centuries hung in balanced patterns on the dark walls, and a complete suit of fourteenth-century armour stood like a sentinel beside the large fireplace.

In another long room beyond could be seen, through the half-open door, the dark colours of the rows of family portraits.

"I feel as if I'd got into a novel instead of a house," said the lawyer.

"Yes, the old gentleman certainly carries out his historical craze consistently," answered the priest, "and these are not fakes either. It's not done by anybody who thinks all mediæval people lived at the same time. That suit obviously covered one man, and covered him completely. You can see

it's the late sort of tilting armour."

"I think he's a late sort of host, if it comes to that," grumbled Granby. "He's keeping us waiting a devil of a time."

"You must expect everything to go slowly in a place like this," said Father Brown. "I think it's very decent of him to see us at all; two total strangers come to ask him highly personal questions."

And, indeed, when the master of the house appeared, they had no reason to complain of their reception; but rather became conscious of something genuine in the traditions of breeding and behaviour that could retain their native dignity without difficulty in that barbarous solitude, and after those long years of rustification and moping.

The baronet did not seem either surprised or embarrassed at the rare visitation, though they suspected that he had not had a stranger in the house for a quarter of a lifetime; he behaved as if he had been bowing out duchesses a moment before. He showed neither shyness nor impatience when they touched on the very private matter of their errand, and after a little leisurely reflection he seemed to recognise their curiosity as justified.

He was a thin, keen-looking old gentleman, with black eyebrows and a long chin, and although the carefully curled hair he wore was undoubtedly a wig, he had the wisdom to wear the grey wig of an elderly man.

"As regards the question that immediately concerns you," he said, "the answer is very simple indeed. I do most certainly propose to hand on the whole of my property to my son, as my father handed it on to me; and nothing—I say, advisedly, nothing—would induce me to take any other course."

"I am most profoundly grateful for the information," answered the lawyer. "But are you not putting it very strongly? I would not suggest that your son would do anything to make you doubt his fitness for the charge."

"He might," said Sir John Musgrave dryly, "and that is rather an understatement. Will you be good enough to step into the next room with me for a moment."

He led them into a further gallery, of which they had already caught a glimpse, and gravely paused before a row of the blackened portraits.

"This is Sir Roger Musgrave," he said, pointing to a long-faced person in a black periwig. "He was one of the lowest liars and rascals in the rascally time of William of Orange, a traitor to two kings and something like the murderer of two wives. That is his father, Sir Robert, a perfectly honest Cavalier. That is his son, one of the noblest of the Jacobite martyrs and one of the first men to attempt some reparation to the Church and the poor."

Sir John Musgrave asked: "Does it matter that the House of Musgrave, the power, the honour, the authority descended from one good man to another good man through the interval of a bad? From father to son our heritage shall come down. You may assure yourselves, gentlemen, and you may assure my son, that I shall not leave my money to a home for lost cats. Musgrave shall leave it to Musgrave till the heavens fall."

"Yes," said Father Brown thoughtfully, "I see what you mean."

"You may convey the assurance to my son," added their host gravely. "He is secure in any event of having the castle, the title, the land and the money."

"But," said the old man, "there is one addition to that

arrangement. Under no circumstances will I ever see or speak to my son as long as I live."

The lawyer remained in the same respectful attitude, but he was now respectfully staring.

"Why, what on earth has he—"

## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Of course, there are, or have been, many famous blondes in Hollywood, but this belongs to one whose generosity was positively world-famous. She threw out invitations to everybody. Guess who. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 164: Marlene Dietrich.

"I am a private gentleman," said Musgrave, "as well as the custodian of a great inheritance. But my son did something so horrible that he has ceased to be—I will not say a gentleman—but even a human being. It is the worst crime in the world."

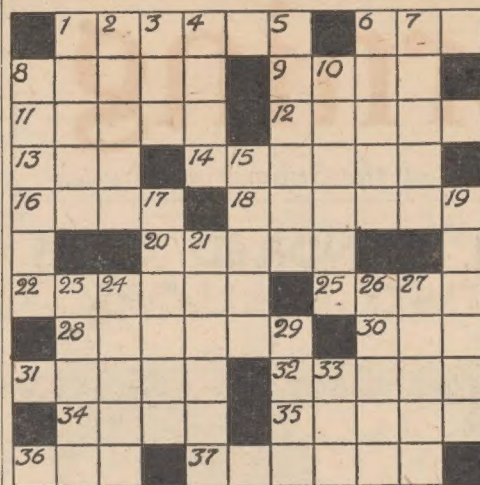
He turned towards the other room and showed his rather dazed visitors back into it.

"I hope you will take some refreshments," he said, in the same equable manner. "If you have any doubts about your movements, I should be delighted to offer you the hospitality of the castle for the night."

"Thank you, Sir John," said the priest in a dull voice, "but I think we had better go."

"I will have the bridge low-

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Neglected.
- 6 Headgear.
- 8 Fishing-boat.
- 9 Train.
- 11 Similar.
- 12 Cancel.
- 13 Accomplished.
- 14 Curved downward.
- 16 Practical person.
- 18 Not so warm.
- 20 Solitary.
- 22 Tray.
- 25 Sodium chloride.
- 28 Rules.
- 30 Played.
- 31 Wading bird.
- 32 Over.
- 34 Cooker.
- 35 Collier.
- 36 Animal.
- 37 Sprinkle.

PISTIL MILK  
ARIA ACACIA  
COLLOP TENT  
KNEE SLUDGE  
E N GEAR E  
TOTAL NEGRO  
P TUBE R U  
MATTER PAWN  
AQUA ACETIC  
PUNILY RILE  
SEEN STUNTS

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Page.
- 2 Continue.
- 3 Family.
- 4 Sediment.
- 5 Kind of fly.
- 6 Mulcted.
- 7 Escape from.
- 8 Lava.
- 10 Corners.
- 15 One of the nuts.
- 17 Gorge.
- 19 Hunting dog.
- 21 Myth.
- 23 Pointed missile.
- 24 Permission.
- 26 Surrounded by.
- 27 Reception.
- 29 Identical.
- 33 Command.

## QUIZ for today

1. Elecampane is—a wine, a flower, a Greek mountain, an Italian church tower, a wild beast?
2. Who wrote (a) "John Gilpin," (b) "John Halifax, Gentleman"?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Laverock, Redshank, Marten, Bullfinch, Wren, Wagtail?
4. What is a native of Canterbury called?
5. Who said, "It was roses, roses, all the way"?
6. What is the top speed of a rabbit?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Sidereal, Tsetse, Rudement, Ortolan, Hystiria, Parable?
8. What is the highest mountain in South America?
9. Who was the Widow Wadman?
10. Correct, "Passing rich with fifty pounds a year." Who wrote it?
11. Caxton began printing in England in 1250, 1350, 1450, 1550?
12. Complete these pairs: (a) Spit and —; (b) Flanagan and —.

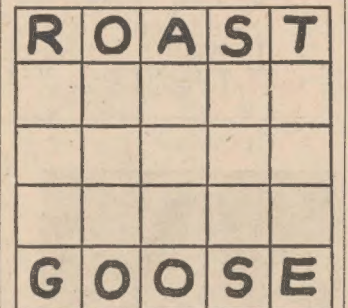
### Answers to Quiz in No. 164

1. Part of a woman's dress.
2. (a) Galsworthy, (b) Maurice Hewlett.
3. Samson is not a European; the others are.
4. Empire State Building, New York, 1,248 feet high.
5. Byron.
6. A large clasp knife.
7. Kerchief, Expurgate.
8. Carratuohill, 3,414 feet.
9. In Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge."
10. "Man wants but little nor wants..." Goldsmith, in "The Hermit."
11. B.C. 490.

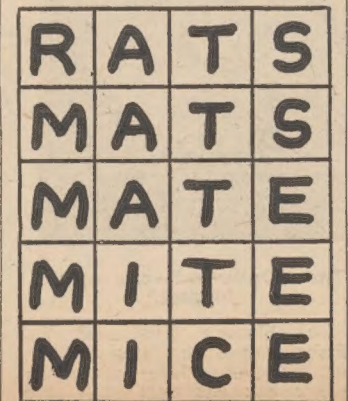
LET'S HAVE A LINE on what you think of 'Good Morning' with your ideas.

Address top of Page 4.

## WORD LADDER



Can you change ROAST to GOOSE in four moves, changing one letter at each move? (Solution in 166)



Solution to Word Ladder in 164.

## JANE

Captain Michael Boloney, a visitor to the club, takes a great interest in the happy couple...



SO THAT'S THE CELEBRATED JANE!—AND WOULDN'T SHE BE A SECRET AGENT LIKE YOU?

IT'S NO SECRET TO THE ENEMY, CAPTAIN!—SHE'S SO DUMB SHE THINKS AN AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION IS A CURE FOR WATER-ON-THE-KNEE—BUT GEORGIE'S GOT ENOUGH BRAINS FOR TWO SO HE'S MARRYING HER!



NOW, NOW, VIVY!—OUR JANE WAS SMART ENOUGH TO WIN A CROWN IN CORNUCOPIA AND COME HOME WITH A BAGFUL OF SHEKELS FROM THE KING!



WE MUST GET CRACKING, JANE—I'VE GOT TO COLLECT THAT LICENCE FOR YOU!



DO YOU HAVE TO TALK AS IF YOU WERE BUYING A PUP, DARLING?



## BEELZEBUB JONES



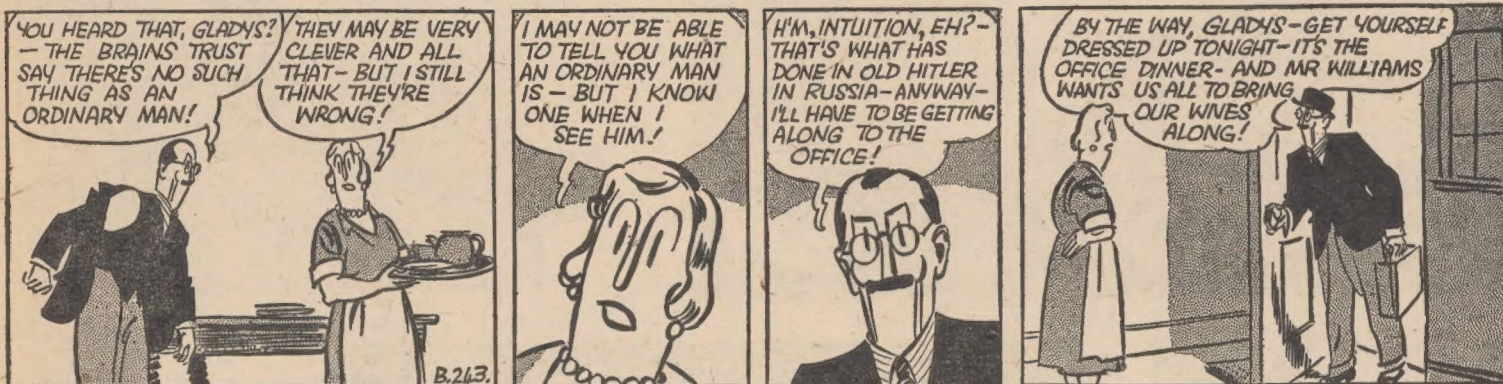
## BELINDA



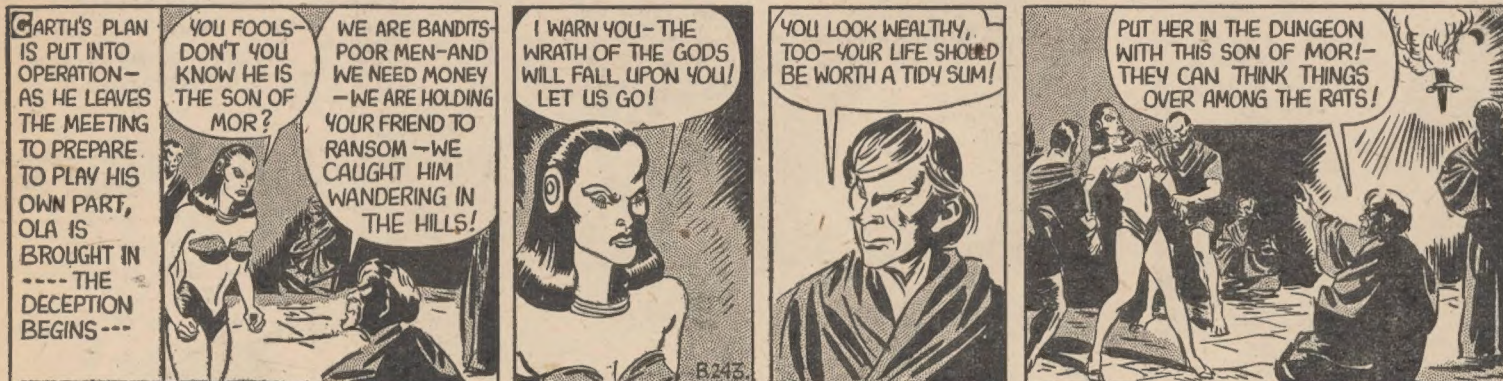
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Clubs and their Players—No. 5

## MILLWALL

MILLWALL, when they look at their ground, The Den, must feel that fortune has done anything but smile upon them. As well as having German bombs fall upon it during a raid, in the last match on the ground last season a mysterious fire burnt down their grandstand. But "The Lions" are made of stern stuff, and the "game goes on," as usual.

Right through the years, since their formation as Millwall Rovers in 1885, "The Lions" have had a team possessed of colourful personalities.

One of their greatest was that king of goalkeepers, "Tiny" Joyce. A cheery giant, he was among the best goalkeepers ever to guard the Millwall and Tottenham goal. Possessing one of the hardest kicks ever known, Bill Joyce's "speciality," apart from stopping goals, was scoring them. During his Millwall days he must have scored dozens of really good goals from the penalty spot.

When a penalty was awarded to Millwall, Joyce, without hesitation, commenced to trot up the field. By the time he had reached the penalty spot he was all out—and once his boot had ripped into the ball the opposing goalkeeper, more often than not, saw nothing more of it—until the ball was nestling in the back of the net.

Mind you, on occasions, "Tiny" missed. Then was witnessed one of the most amusing scenes ever to take place on a football field. The opposing team would try their hardest to have a shot at goal while the hefty goalkeeper was plodding back to his place between the "sticks." But Joyce rarely allowed himself to be caught napping.

On one occasion, when outside his area, and a terrific drive was made towards the vacant Millwall goal, he jumped into the air—and headed the ball over the cross-bar!

A great personality, Tiny Joyce could throw a football nearly the complete length of the field. And if a forward was unfortunate to come into contact with his fist...! Tiny Joyces come only once, but his spirit still lives with the Millwall club.

When "The Lions" took over their present enclosure it was in a terrible state. It had been a rhubarb patch. Grass grew on it so long that a great deal of it had to be burned down before a start could be made in the construction of a pitch! Eventually, however, a new stadium grew up.

Lord Kinnaird, himself a great footballer, was asked to open Millwall's new home, and a large crowd gathered to witness the opening ceremony.

By accident, Lord Kinnaird, on his way to the ground, took the wrong turning, and instead of finding himself at the front entrance to the ground, discovered himself at the rear. It would have taken him many minutes to walk round to the front of the stadium, so, although wearing morning dress and top hat, he climbed over the wall into the ground, and was just in time to declare the stadium open!

The Millwall crowd is one of the most resourceful in the country, and on one occasion, when a fog descended, spectators gathered up as many newspapers as they could find, placed them behind the goals, fired the papers—then cheered on the players!

One of the best players ever to wear Millwall's blue shirt was Bert Lipson. A dangerous right-winger, he scored many valuable goals for the "Lions," yet he was seriously injured for the major part of this period.

Lipson was suffering from a serious cartilage hurt. As a matter of fact, during the course of the game it was not uncommon for the player, when tearing down the touch-line, to suddenly fall to the ground, writhing in agony. The trainer would hurry up, massage the knee thoroughly, and in a few minutes Bert would be fit again and worrying the opposing defenders once more.

To-day "The Lions" still have players with a great deal of personality. Reg. Smith, their international outside-left and captain, is one. Reg, son of a member of the first Springboks Rugby team to visit this country, can juggle with a football as well as any winger in the game, and like Jim Beattie, the centre-forward Millwall signed from Portsmouth just before the outbreak of war, is a deadly shot.

Beattie, who should prove very useful to his new club when peace returns, always made a point of keeping his eye in when he went home to his father's farm in Scotland during the close season.

He used to rig up a goal in one of his dad's fields and spend an hour or so every morning at shooting practice.

At the moment, along with many other of his colleagues, Jim Beattie is engaged in a more important task. But the time for him to shoot at goal, on Millwall's behalf, will come once again....



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"Why don't you sit alongside, and make yourself at home?" says Irene Dunne, Universal's star, on location in Arizona. If only we could!

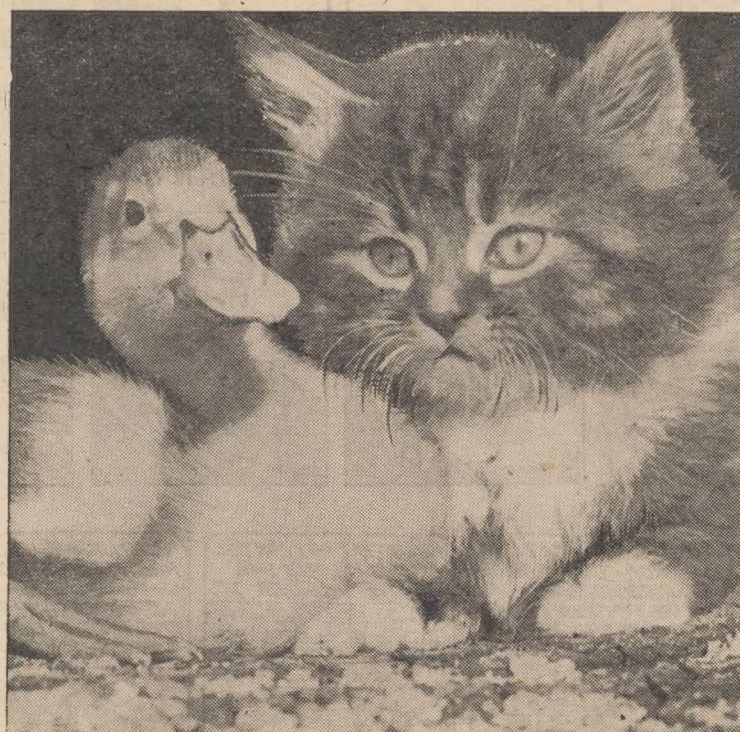


## Bonnie Scotland

Even though it is a view of Scotland, that isn't the reason why you're seeing "double." Just Inveraray and its reflection in Loch Fyne.



"Oow! You've pushed my toe-nail off!" "Keep still, silly, and don't get worried; I can soon put your foot back on to it."



Well, if that isn't the cat's whiskers . . . they almost look ducky, don't they? Childish innocence, or have they signed a non-aggression pact?

"Huh! Last time I'll be a stooge for an unarmed combat demonstration!"

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"You're letting the side down, YOU—"

